

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY Publishers NEW YORK

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

The Labor Movement in Barcelona

IT IS SPECIALLY IMPORTANT, in trying to understand the labor movement in Barcelona, to bear in mind the historical antecedents of Catalan syndicalism. From the time of the split in the First International (1872), and even before that took place, from the first efforts of Bakunin to organize his followers, there was one group of Spanish agitators that adhered to Bakunin's doctrines, the leaders of the labor movement in Catalunya. It was this group which sent delegates to the so-called Anti-authoritarian Congress called by the Bakuninist faction, at Saint Imier. The division in the outlook of the Spanish proletariat, made apparent at that Congress, has been a permanent one. Madrid has been the central nursery of the Socialist movement, while Barcelona has been the hotbed of anarchism. Lafargue, the son-in-law of Marx, was the principal inspirer of the Socialist agitation, and often visited Madrid for propaganda purposes. The anarchists relied upon Fanelli, a friend of Bakunin, who went frequently to Barcelona, with the object of keeping up the enthusiasm, already virulent in its own right, of the initiates of that region.

The writer who took over the intellectual legacy of Bakunin was Kropotkin. The writings of Kropotkin, in translations that still enjoy an extraordinary popularity in Catalunya, attained a veritable ascendancy over the better educated laboring classes in the Catalan capital. From the ranks meanwhile was rising a native author, a man of the most correct and austere character, who, up to the time of his death during the recent war, was the mouthpiece of anarchistic and communistic doctrine. This man was Anselmo Lorenzo. His most characteristic work is *The Militant Proletariat*, *El proletariado militante*.

The year 1898 marked our great disaster in the war with the United States. That episode gave the Spanish anarchical movement its greatest influence and prestige. It led in 1902 and 1903 to the first really general strike of revolutionary character ever organized in Catalunya. The tie-up was absolute in every department of life. Barcelona is the busiest place, normally, in the west-

ern Mediterranean. During that strike the only things that moved were the bullets whistling in exchange between populace and soldiery.

The anarchistic movement now equipped itself with a daily newspaper, *Land and Freedom* (*Tierra y Libertad*), and a monthly, *The White Magazine* (*La revista blanca*). But, as a matter of fact, the anarchistic enthusiasm of Catalan labor seemed to have spent itself in the great strike of 1902-3. The groups began to dwindle away, and large masses of workers flocked toward a new political party which started in Barcelona under an ultra-revolutionary banner. It was called the Radical Republican Party, and Mr. Alexander Lerroux was its leader.

Hope in such political action failed to be realized. Disappointment, rather, throughout the laboring classes, was intensified. So that in 1910, all this revolutionary enthusiasm, which in going over to Mr. Lerroux's party, had given such an emphatically radical color to the Radical Republicans, sought a new vehicle of expression. The Catalan labor movement turned inward upon itself, and began a propaganda toward syndicalism.

The group that proclaimed the glad tidings of syndicalism was still the old anarchical nucleus, with Anselmo Lorenzo in the foreground. He translated from French and propounded the syndicalistic doctrine of a French militant, Pouget, likewise of anarchistic intellectual ancestry. French syndicalism started proletarian ideology throughout the world in a new direction, toward the revision of tactic namely, and toward a new evaluation of political contact on the part of the masses. An attack was started on Socialism as an efficient method and as an ideal, contrasting with its dicta the two principles of direct action and syndicalistic organization by trades. A characteristic trait of this French movement was mistrust and even contempt for everyone not a manual laborer and especially for those devoted to intellectual activities.

But this movement in France suffered such a crisis during the war that it now comes out with an entirely different physiognomy, which it is necessary to describe, because of its great influence on

developments in Barcelona. As regards internal policy, the *Confédération Général du Travail* worked out a reform program which it presented to the government on the eve of the armistice, and which was approved at the Lyons Congress of September. Internationally, the French Federation led the way in stressing the importance of the international labor conference at Washington. In other words, the French organization has completely rectified a tactic which favored direct action, and now admits juridic tactics—at least in an auxiliary role. Accepting the principle of relentless class struggle, it nevertheless recognizes the utility of treaties of peace on concrete questions. For all that pertains to political action, the Federation, as is now known to all who follow its actions closely, has expressed its willingness to work out a program in common with the Socialists, foreseeing the chance that the vicissitudes of French politics may soon bring it into power.

Now the Catalan workers followed French lead in organizing their General Federation, *La Confederacion del Trabajo*, and kept intimate contact with France in the years just preceding the war. They broke with the French, however, in keeping themselves away from the International Syndicalist Congress at Amsterdam, in July 1919, a conference instigated precisely by the French Federation.

The present leaders of Catalan syndicalism are Angel Pestanya, Segui Miranda, and the Roca brothers. The movement has been gradually distinguishing itself from anarchism. *Tierra y Libertad* has ceased to express the aspirations of the largest working classes, who now speak through *Solidaridad Obrera*, a paper edited by Pestanya. The organizations are now permanent, and dues are even exacted, but still without obligation of accounting to the syndicates. Thus the Catalan movement has come to dispose of a powerful army which picks up its tents, and camps today in one place and tomorrow in some other. Nomadism is its characteristic trait, a tactic also, specially adapted to an organization with a marked preference for secret action. In such action, indeed, lies much of the power, undeniably great, which Catalan syndicalism exercises. The organizations rely, for their cohesion, less on the possession of a residence and an address, than on the suggestiveness of an ideal and on secret discipline. It is a tactic peculiarly calculated to appeal to the romantic propensities of the Catalan workers.

How does it work in practice? When a strike is to be called, an agent suddenly appears in an establishment, with an "order" accrediting him as a representative of the "supreme syndicalist

committee." He communicates his orders to the workers. This method, in truth, was partly borrowed from German Spartacides. In part it was worked out and perfected in Catalunya itself. It gives the labor army an extraordinary mobility and facility for "surprise attacks." On the other hand it demands a discipline and a spirit of obedience that probably exists nowhere in the labor world unless in Germany and Catalunya. The Catalan worker sets much store on discipline, and his obedient response to orders is a source of strength as well as weakness. The present year has seen strikes in which the workers have demonstrated unconquerable solidarity, netting speedy and often unexpected gains. Nevertheless, such strikes have sometimes given rise to new conflicts which ended by throwing labor back behind the lines it had gained in earlier battles.

This situation is due to the presence of non-syndicalists inside the very organizations, who fail to realize that every tactic must be based on methodical action, and that all experimental methods must take account of real, empirical facts, which are not susceptible of bending to the tyranny of *a priori* logic. One cannot say—direct action and nothing but direct action. At certain moments it will be necessary to act indirectly in defense of the interests committed to direct action itself; it will be necessary to treat with the powers that be, and with the possessing class. Catalan syndicalism is beginning to realize this, and on this point its internal crisis is developing.

A movement is growing inside the Catalan movement in the direction of socialistic methods which do not overlook the necessity of maintaining revolutionary emotion as a motive force in social history, but still consider it essential to make use day by day of all available energies to obtain by legal means an improvement in the standard of living. Last October Pestanya and Segui, in speeches delivered at Madrid in the Comedy Theater and the People's House, admitted that at times it would be better to come to terms with the historic enemy, capital and government allied. So strong, in spite of all distances, is the influence exerted on them by the dominant trend at the Lyons Conference, that Segui went so far as to say—so Jouhaux and his colleagues assert, at least—that the Russian Revolution will collapse for lack of preparation, going on to suggest the absolute necessity of including men of science in the perspective of the labor movement.

At present the organizations seem disposed to consider participation in the "mixed commissions" (labor and capital) that are being organized to

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diminish industrial conflicts. If this be so, the labor movement of Barcelona is about to enter a new epoch in its history, the significance of which will depend upon the policies of the capitalist class of Catalunya, a class on the whole so incredibly avaricious and intolerant that, not content with profiteering on the war to an enormous figure, it is now a unit against income tax reform in Spain and against tariff revision.

A few days ago, this same group of owners in Catalunya proclaimed a lockout and appealed for support to their kindred in the rest of Spain. The object was to provoke a fight to the finish with the labor organizations in their region, destroy

them, and reduce wages all along the line. It is to our national credit that liberal opinion as well as the government declared against this move and broke it up. But no incident could have illustrated better the lack of insight in this group of sorry money-makers, in choosing the very moment when the syndicalists were on the point of coming over to legal tactics for announcing an attitude calculated perfectly to provoke rage and exasperation. All that can be said of it is that just when the Spartacides were inclining toward Reformism, the owners decided to adopt the Spartacist constitution for themselves.

FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS.

An Evangelist of Civilization

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was not kind to its youths. It was out of a tepid adolescence that its Ruskins and Spencers and Mills grew into intellectual manhood. The most notable biographies of the period have the stale prophylactic air of an old-fashioned sick-room. That of Samuel Augustus Barnett, as related by his wife, is no exception. (Canon Barnett: *His Life, Work, and Friends*; 2 vols., Houghton Mifflin.)

Barnett was born into that mid-century England whose green surface was blighted by the smuts of the new coal-industrialism. His father was the manufacturer of a procrustean species of iron bed, and he escaped the paternal foundry, "despite very definite inclinations toward business," chiefly by reason of a failure in health which pointed to a career under Holy Orders via Oxford. It is one thing to leave the Black Country and another to find Jerusalem. Through the valetudinarian idleness of his adolescence, Samuel did not browse, like Disraeli, in the sear pastures of an ancestral library. His leisure was wasted in the company of tutors and crammers and uninspiring dons, and by the time he left Oxford there was little to distinguish him in mentality from the hero of *The Way of All Flesh*. Throughout his pregnant later developments Barnett wore his early clerical and academic limitations as St. Francis might have worn a Mosaic vestment. While belying the inner man and hampering his work, they remained as close to him as his skin, and as if to conceal the armory of fine initiatives and aptitudes which Barnett seems to have inherited from his grandfather, Nature conspired with his tailor to set a prematurely old-looking head on top of an awkward and frequently shabby outfit of clothes. Every man kills the thing he loves, exclaims a

certain poet of late Victorianism, and Barnett came near to killing Christianity by his blind caricature of its professional exponents.

After a few years of public school teaching and American travel Barnett settled down in London (1867). There he fell under the influence of two women. The first was that violent virgin, Octavia Hill. At that time Miss Hill was rising from the humanely efficient plane of slum rent-collection to the dizzier levels of charity organization, and in the course of propagating the new agent of salvation she introduced the earnest son of the iron-founder to the slag of his father's civilization, and initiated him into the mechanism of poor relief which sought to salvage or transport or decently cover up the debris. Serving on one of Octavia's committees, Barnett met Henrietta Octavia Rowland. He got from her an edifying sense of his own incompleteness, and a long and exasperatingly evangelical courtship followed. In the end, the spirited girl who came into Barnett's life to scoff remained to pray. They married, and despite the offer of an Oxford living the couple settled down in the rectory of St. Jude in Whitechapel.

This marriage did more than bind a man and woman together: it created an institution. In the give and take of connubiality two things seem to have happened: Mrs. Barnett increasingly adopted her husband's tone and word and gesture, with the result that the mischievous girl of nineteen develops in the course of reminiscence into an old woman whose sobriety frequently approaches the sanctimonious. On the other hand, Barnett enriched his uncertain social impulses with Octavia II's urgency and vitality and derring-do. As the fruit of that union they jointly battered down the walls of private benevolence and ministration and

invited the youth of Oxford to create with them the new institution called Toynbee Hall, a university settlement (1884). All the little rivulets of impulse ran into this main stream of the Barnetts' life. At its origin the idea was a profoundly significant one, and it is unfortunate that in the course of its application its essence should have evaporated. Its meaning for the present generation is worth the pains of recapture and translation into modern phrase.

The mission of the Church, Barnett reasoned, had proved ineffectual in both the East and West Ends of London because it was incomplete. The Church had contented itself with merely sowing the mummy-seeds of verbal Christianity. What we needed in this new barbarism of England was an institution which should take account of the organic wholeness of society and seek not merely to inculcate Christianity but to spread civilization. Foolish laymen wished to give the poor bread, as though poverty were simply a leanness of the flesh, while within the Church "blind mouths" who "climbed into the fold for their bellies' sake" had made the blither of orthodoxy a substitute for the glories of art and science in which what is godlike in man becomes manifest. Poverty however was at bottom more than a failure in the supply of food or the demand for labor: it was a failure of civilization as a whole. Hence you had to restore civilization to Whitechapel before you attempted to recover Christianity for Westminster Abbey, and all your efforts to improve housing, regulate the labor supply, abolish drunkenness, or dole relief were significant only to the extent that they represented a many-sided and consistent advance of civilization.

The attitude that I have roughly attempted to restate explains Barnett's divergence from the narrowly "philanthropic" interests of his Hill-sided curacy. When the poor asked for bread the C. O. S. gave them the stone of "relief to the deserving." The Warden of Toynbee Hall refused to insult his neighbors in that fashion. When they asked him for bread he sent them forth looking for the Kingdom of Heaven in clubs and schools and art exhibitions, in the assurance that in the fullness of time everything else would be added thereto. Barnett, it is true, was not a labor leader, and as he was a confirmed socialist in Westminster he tended to relapse into Morleyan radicalism in Mile End Road. But his mission was to create that divine discontent upon which men like Burns and Tillet could work, and the worst thing that an inimical church organ could say

of Barnett was that according to him "a man's duty to his neighbor is to be discontented with his lot in life, to covet and desire other men's goods, and to go on strike if his wages or the conditions of his employment did not suit him."

It is hardly fair to label Canon Barnett a Christian Socialist, but there is plenty of evidence in his biography to show that he participated in the specific virtues of both creeds. On this subject it is necessary to scrape off the thick crust of implication. "Christian" carries with it the presumption of orthodox sectarianism, and Socialist the definite stigma of dogmatic economics; whereas it was Barnett's glowing ability to think steadily about civilization as a whole, and only as occasion required about the mechanism for bringing a new order of society into existence. In relation to the dignitaries of his Church Barnett's attitude was one of humble animosity. He felt at first the insignificance of his own position in the Anglican hierarchy, and he felt even more keenly, one senses, the abysmal inferiority of such pastoral lords as had learned "the way to promotion and pay." Personally devout, he never worried his associates with religiosity. He boldly opened his Whitechapel Art Exhibitions on Sunday, to the horror of the Lord's Day Observance Society (an institution), and he even made his own Bishop depart far enough from strict Sabbatarianism to swallow the innovation with a blessing.

A man with such a vivid feeling as Barnett possessed for new forms of expression naturally awakened the antagonism of those who clung with morbid tenacity to the old. A glut of theological controversy sought to head off Barnett's every innovation. A rival settlement house was started to counteract the undenominational liberalism of Toynbee Hall. This counter attack was pertinently representative. To the orthodox Barnett was irreligious; to the comfortable he was "socialistic"; to the philanthropic he was a restless demagogue. No man with such a genial gift for making enemies can have his character laughed out of court on account of the black suit and white cravat he may happen to wear. Barnett's convictions were never cut to his cloth.

Barnett's socialism had two aspects. On its constructive side it was an attempt to open up the resources of civility to every member of the community. In the language of the social economist he sought to make the workers translate their demand for more nominal wages in money to more real wages in life. When asked for a message to the great body of industrial workers he replied:

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1892.—At this juncture I would press home to them the need of knowledge as the means of widening their lives. The mistake that working men seem to me to be making is in thinking that their only want is money, and that is why we press so hard the University Extension teaching. We say to a man, "If you will only read history you may get out of your single room and live in the Empire, and if you will make Shakespeare your own you will have the biggest possession, next the Bible, the English language ever can possess. It is nonsense thinking you must possess parks and lands; when you have them you will find your best pleasure to enjoy Shakespeare." . . . The tendency of nearly all education has been to restrain the imagination. I think it needs development. I do not want many alterations in law, but I should like the best things made free. We want more baths and wash-houses, especially swimming baths, and they should be free and open in every district. Books and pictures should be freely shown, so that every man may have a public library or a picture gallery as his drawing room, where he can enjoy what is good with his boys and girls. We want more open spaces, so that every man, woman, and child might sit in the open air and see the sky and the sunset. . . . We want free provision of the best forms of pleasure. Denmark provides traveling scholarships, and our school authorities are taking steps in that direction. Germany does something to give everyone the opportunity of seeing great plays, greatly acted. . . . The way is thus shown, and more must be done, and there must be patience while, through the operations of education and leisure, the poor learn to enjoy these things. Poverty cannot pay for the pleasure which satisfies, and yet, without that pleasure, the people perish. . . . Free air, free water, free literature, cheap trains, would make a great change.

Plainly Barnett was not merely the founder of the university settlement: with his wife he was at least partly responsible for that stirring inquiry into the defects and potentialities of city life which began with Booth's Survey of London and developed by way of Letchworth, Hampstead, and numerous younger settlements into the contemporary impulse toward a large-scale civic renaissance which gives promise of a more comely civilization for tomorrow. With the founder of agricultural cooperation in Denmark, Barnett demonstrated that the roundabout route is often the surest and easiest path to one's goal. Both men were exponents of the theory of Indirect Action. It is no small compliment to the Englishman to say that he, among half a dozen others, is candidate for the title of the Gruntwig of the civic renaissance.

Barnett's influence on the formation of the Workers' Educational Association in 1903 was in the direct line of his civic activities. Experience had made him an incisive critic of the middle-class system of university extension service, for he saw that the mission of the reconstituted university was not to "lift" the more capable workers into the bourgeoisie but to prepare the whole body of workers to supplant the bourgeoisie. He believed "that,

dormant under the dark surface of working class opinion, hidden, as are now the forces which by and by will make the fruit or weeds, are the forces to rule the future." Hence he held that "the Oxford which in the past inspired the governing classes of the nation must be so changed and adapted that it may inspire the minds of those who are now called to take up the government." Is it too much to say that Samuel Barnett was the Baptist who sought to purify and strengthen the force of this approaching revolution in thought and life?

As Barnett's socialism was on its intellectual side a mission of construction, it was with respect to the underlying material conditions of change a gesture of protest. He conducted an unceasing polemic against the spiritual quiescence of the Christian Church in the face of the widespread debauch of nineteenth century industrialism. Men were starving in Whitechapel for bread, for light, for air, for cleanliness, for decent companionship, for the sight of field and forest, while the Church continued to minister with complacent imbecility to the leisured boredom of Berkeley Square. The Church's failure to understand the luxury of Mayfair in terms of the sweated degradation of the East End; "society's" assumption that the burden of responsibility could be canceled by equivalent pounds in the C. O. S. subscription list; the State's belief that the discontent which culminated in strikes like those of the dockers could be alleviated by the obtuse audacities of the policeman and the soldier—Barnett broke through these frozen ruts of thought and habit with a fierceness which was tempered only by the conventional, evangelical phrases into which he cast his indignation. Barnett realized that the Westminster standards of use and wont would have to be changed in preparation for a socialistic future as surely as the cultural standards of Oxford. Hence, whereas he sought to raise the second, he endeavored with equal conviction to level down the first. As early as 1883 he advocated Universal Pensions, to be accepted freely by every member of the community without prejudice to his social status. Here, as in various other instances, Barnett rose above the canons of his time, his class, and his vocation. Like Aristotle, he believed in a "society of equals, aiming at the best life possible." His work and temper and outlook are summed up in a single fact: the only future he could wish for his university settlement was that the need for it should disappear.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Leoncavallo

ITALIAN MUSIC, like Italian food, makes a satisfactory meal when you are not hungry; if your appetite is honest you instinctively sniff after something less filling and more nutritious. The operatic beef of Moussorgsky and Wagner has gradually picked off the trade of the Roman restaurants. Indeed, it is doubtful if even the most loyal sons of Milan do not occasionally feel that an Italian operatic aria is closely akin to a length of table d'hôte spaghetti; sinuously attractive to the eye but subtly disappointing to the stomach—at least to the Anglo-Franco-Germanic-American stomach.

Still, the death of Ruggiero Leoncavallo, occurring on August 9 of this year, deserves an epitaph in this country, even though it be only an expression of joy that the man is safely buried. His influence on Italian opera, it is true, did not extend so far as Donizetti's, or so deep as Verdi's. Like his inferior corpsbruder, Pietro Mascagni, he was essentially a one-opera man: Pagliacci was the chariot on which he rode to success as certainly as Cavalleria Rusticana was the vehicle of the sentimental composer of the world-famous Intermezzo. In fact, in the face of nearly three-score opuses by Donizetti, a score by Verdi, a round dozen by Puccini, Leoncavallo's labors, which include merely Pagliacci and five or six almost forgotten works, must flutter into oblivion. On the other hand, next to Puccini, he undoubtedly is today our most popular Italian composer, alive or dead. The gallery-storming trumpet-calls in Aida still recruit standees at the Metropolitan; but Rigoletto, *Trovatore*, *La Traviata* are fast wearing Verdi's prestige thin. Lucia Di Lammermoor manages to hold back the waters of oblivion from Donizetti's name; but who knows, offhand, even the bare titles of three of his remaining fifty-nine operatic varieties? Excluding Wagner, ask any man in the street to mention the first opera he thinks of: his answer will as certainly be *Madame Butterfly* or *Pagliacci* as it will not be *Manon Lescaut* or *Falstaff*.

Such popularity points to at least one obvious merit. Leoncavallo knew his audience, and he wrote for it with his tongue neither stuck in his cheek nor, like some composers, hanging out of his mouth. Whatever else Pagliacci may be, it is a straightforward cool-headed attempt to make the best of the custom of the country. The device of enacting a drama within a drama is not new. But it is new enough, even now, not to seem old. And on the operatic stage, where artistic conventions thaw about as rapidly as ice in January, such a variant in the dramatization of the passion-worn

triangle is particularly grateful to the eye. Nor is the ear less grateful, remembering always that it is in the land of milk and melody. If you have lately been dining on the elephant rump of Wagner in Germany, drinking the tiger's blood of Moussorgsky in Russia, or eating madjoun with Debussy, you will gag at once on the turtle-dove stew of Leoncavallo. But if you come to Pagliacci with a clean palate, ready for anything in the pot, you will go away with a sweet one: at least it never will be actually cloyed.

This is tossing Leoncavallo a laurel wreath with one hand and catching it with the other. The truth is, such treatment is about all the man deserves. Pagliacci has the merit of being a first-rate Italian Opera. But it has the ineradicable defect of being an Italian Opera. Dramatic in theme, clever in orchestration, varied in verbal and vocal tempo, it yet suffers internally from the disease which is endemic through all modern Italy: adolescent emotionalism. In a subtle form, if there can be degrees of murder, it exists in the poetic flights of D'Annunzio. In its more painfully obvious form it exists in *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, and that most pompously puerile of victrola-embalmed compositions, the *Sextette* from *Lucia*.

It is from this disease that Italian Opera is bound to die sooner or later, if the disease does not kill the public's taste first. True, Leoncavallo was an admirer of Richard Wagner, if external imitation is the sincerest form of artistic admiration. That is, like Wagner, he wrote most of his own libretti. He even wrote libretti for other men. Moreover, he constructed, or contemplated constructing, a Ring of his own, based on the history of the Italian Renaissance. It was to do, apparently, for the Italian gods what Wagner's ponderous opus did for the mythological German ones. The names of his pretentious trio (if the work was completed it is at any rate unpublished) were to have been *I Medici*, *Savonarola*, and *Cesare Borgia*. Italian, however, all his work remained. He clung to tunes. He reveled in recitatives. He liked them, both separate and mixed. Also, like most of his clan, he evidently believed that tenors go to heaven when they die; and, in so far as it lay in his power, he decided to help them skyward. He was continually hitting above the Bass. He rarely strained his singers, for he knew more about the voice than Beethoven or even Wagner. But he was tempted, as all dramatists are, to give the leading lady and the leading man just one big C. His Operas do not tax the voice as does *Fidelio*, or *Tristan und Isolde*.

For the most part they are eminently vocal, as all Italian music is eminently vocal. These Italians have, indeed, a mysteriously facile manner of scaling the peaks without your realizing it. Whatever the reason, their prowess in the matter is undeniable. But there it stops short. And because Art is as uncheatable as Nature the Italian Maestro, be he composer or performer, arrives at the top of his musical Mt. Blanc, not out of breath but out of inspiration. Short on dramatic wind he declaims; short on musical wind he vocalizes; short on inspiration he perspires. There never is a sustained attempt at wedding words and music; only individual vowels and tones are important enough for a marriage ceremony; and if the story and the score are by any chance temporarily joined together in the holy bonds of art, it is a liaison to be winked at but not talked about.

Vocally this may be magnificent; esthetically it is monstrous. In that nine-word distinction, in sooth, you have the defects, hidden or revealed, of the entire troupe of Italian Operatic composers, singers, conductors, impresarios, and box-holders from the Seventeenth Century down to the Twentieth. Tone not interpretation, declamation not drama, the pretty-pretty and the bloody-bloody: these are the banners of the Roman army. By that army has been gallantly captured the tooth-

some dainty of Puccini's *La Boheme*, the hollow cream-puff of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the only slightly firmer and more pungent pastry of *Pagliacci*, by Leoncavallo himself. Table d'hôte fare, in brief: celery, soup, and spaghetti; a dance, a song, and a dagger; and for dessert, the Alps seen through Italian opera-glasses as a range of magnificent, cream-topped charlottes-russe.

On their credit side the Italians have contributed a great deal of entertainment, an extensive knowledge of the larynx, an acute understanding of the possibilities and limitations of the four-period song-form. Against these assets, however, stand liabilities which would bankrupt Rockefeller if he dealt in notes issued in opera houses and not in banks. With the death of Leoncavallo the responsibility for keeping the business going shifts somewhat. The popularity of *Pagliacci* sooner or later is certain to wane. When that occurs will a younger man merely step into the dead composer's boots, and tramp beside Puccini? Or will some crafty rebel, remembering the pontifical glory that was Rome's (lately celebrated in this country, by the way, with a visit from the Papal Choir) get ahead of him first, and burn those boots?

It is always a pity when a metaphor is too poetic to work. In this case it is nearer a tragedy.

WINTHROP PARKHURST.

In Vishnu-Land What Avatar?

THE TITLE of *The Moon and Sixpence* (Doran) is an admission and a defense—an admission by Somerset Maugham that explaining genius is as impossible as expressing moonlight in terms of the decimal system, and a defense of his method against such critics as will assuredly accuse him of failing in a task he never attempted. He has no illusions about cutting his green cheese to a super-mundane thinness. He gives us, flatly and baldly, the external aspect of the evolution of genius, not bothered in the least by the fact that what happens in his narrative is neither explicable nor probable. He merely sees to it that it happens and that we are convinced. His task was to present an extraordinary phenomenon as it appeared to the ordinary folk of the social vicinity in which it occurred. It is his theory that this is what we can understand, and truly this is what most concerns us. When a whirlwind sweeps the dozing harbor, we take no interest in the scientific explanations of the weather bureau, but pick our way down to the littered beach to view the wreckage and gossip about the losses. It was a whirlwind of overmastering creative desire that caught up Charles Strickland,

tore him from his wife, ruined the lives of Stroeve and Blanche, and upset innumerable tidy schemes. Society saw nothing but a most deplorable confusion; Strickland was aware of nothing save an essential freedom.

At the age of forty, Strickland was a heavy-featured monosyllabic stock-broker with an intellectual wife who went in for literary lions. Mrs. Strickland remembered vaguely that he had dabbled a bit with paints when they were first married, but he had painted very badly and the family seemed to have laughed him out of it. The facts of his life were dull and usual. As a boy fresh from school he "went into a broker's office without any feeling of distaste. Until he married, he led the ordinary life of his fellows, gambling mildly on the Exchange, interested to the extent of a sovereign or two on the result of the Derby or the Oxford and Cambridge Race. I think he boxed a little in his spare time. On his chimney-piece he had photographs of Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson. He read *Punch* and the *Sporting Times*. He went to dances in Hampstead." He was equally usual as a husband—kindly, affable, undemonstra-

tive, no doubt, but also thoroughly sane and respectable. Then unexpectedly he departed for Paris, leaving no word save a brief note to his wife, stating that he would never come back. His wife and her relatives assumed a woman in the case. In the words of Maugham, "whenever a man does anything unexpected, his fellows ascribe it to the most discreditable motives." But the friend who looks him up to reason with him finds no woman, but a bearded, shabby, sardonic Strickland alone in one room of a dilapidated hotel—learning to paint.

Told in synopsis, the fable would seem too wildly unreasonable to be taken seriously. It is Somerset Maugham's achievement to have made it real by the accuracy of his circumstance and his finesse in the handling of ricocheted ideas. Nothing is presented to the reader first-hand. Rumors at the second and third and fourth remove crowd upon him, casual impressions sway him, until the fame of Strickland is built up in his mind out of accumulated fragments, as the fame of Shakespeare is forced upon those who have never read a play. The result is attained despite difficulties that an author less sure of his power would have avoided or skirted gingerly. There was no necessity for making Strickland so brutal, sensual, and tongue-tied as he is shown.

I wondered what a stranger would have taken him to be, sitting there in his old Norfolk jacket and his unbrushed bowler; his trousers were baggy and his hands were not clean; and his face, with the red stubble of an unshaved chin, the little eyes, and the large, aggressive nose, was uncouth and coarse. His mouth was large, his lips were heavy and sensual.

One feels instinctively that genius does not take this guise, and that mastery is gained through understanding rather than through demonic impulse. Maugham consciously discards the modern theories of genius, and returns to the romantic notion of revelation and the hidden flame. He denies the potency of the desire for fame, at least in this instance. Strickland cares nothing for his pictures once they are finished. His greatest work is destroyed by his own order. He prefers to live in an out-of-the-way corner. It is a question worth asking whether any man would have been quite content with the joy of fashioning beauty and with that alone.

But whatever objection may be raised to the philosophy of art involved in the tale, there is likely to be little but praise for its workmanship and its criticism of life. The author sees things squarely. If he errs at all, it is on the side of disbelief. Mrs. Strickland and Blanche Stroeve and Ata, the native girl, make up a trio from which we can derive a whole conception of womanhood.

Perhaps it is old-fashioned. It is at least as much so as Shaw's artist man and mother woman. "In the end they get you," says Strickland, "and you are helpless in their hands. White or brown, they are all the same."

When one closes the book and looks back over the varied scenes, civilized and barbaric, one has a memory of powerful and inevitable movement and the light and shadow of life itself. The English dinner table, the underworld of Marseilles, the village of Papeete are drawn in strong lines and bold colors that suggest the last paintings of Strickland on Tahiti. The book might have gained in epic quality had Mr. Maugham placed the island scenes first as he originally planned, but as it is, the dramatic effect is heightened. We begin with absolute disbelief in this "dull stock-broker." He seems a meager personality to follow through three hundred pages. The plot of the narrative is the revelation, one by one, of reasons why he is worth following. When we have put the novel by, we may disbelieve in him again if we will, for he is improbable enough, but it is none too easy to shake off the conviction that, for all the agnosticism we can muster, he did exist, all the way from Westminster to the leper's hut, concrete in flesh and blood.

Somewhere it is reported that certain persons came upon Mr. Maugham in New York and charged him with "denuding human nature of its fundamental goodness" in *The Moon and Sixpence*, and, further, that Mr. Maugham replied by saying that he took his model for Strickland from Gauguin. The charge is silly enough. Human nature is, at bottom, never any better than Strickland, and frequently far worse, from a moralist's point of view. But Strickland chose to demolish for himself the pretty temple of niceties and restraints which we are taught to build up from childhood over the black and fuming pit of the subconscious, and the revelation is naturally a shock to the self-worshipping. It is well, no doubt, that few of us care to disrobe mentally, especially in public. But Maugham's defense was quite unsound. Gauguin, the burnt-out Parisian, is no parallel for Strickland. Gauguin fled from a sickly civilization to a healthy barbarism. Strickland was neither burnt-out nor Parisian. He was English, a Philistine, and a barbarian in his own right. There is no explanation of his craving for Tahiti, as he is shown us in *The Moon and Sixpence*, save another form of the impulse that sent out the twelve apostles or drove the swine into the sea. He was inspired or mad or possessed of a devil—as you please. And Gauguin was merely sated.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

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Japan and the Open Door

INTERNATIONAL FRICTIONS in the backward countries of the world, in Africa, in Asia, in the Balkans, generate the sparks which set off modern wars. That is a lesson all of us have learned by now, but one merit of Frederic Coleman's latest book (*The Far East Unveiled*; Houghton Mifflin) is that it brings the lesson home afresh as regards the combustible material lying about in China. There is the case, for instance, of William F. Carey, vice president of the Siems-Carey Railway and Canal Company, a subsidiary of the American International Corporation: Mr. Coleman tells how, in 1916, Mr. Carey obtained concessions at Peking to dredge the Grand Canal, which traverses Shantung from North to South, and to build four railroad lines aggregating fifteen hundred miles in length. He tells of the excitement the contracts aroused among Peking diplomatists and concessionaires, of the ferment in Tokio and Paris and London and Petrograd (Russia had not yet been overturned), of the outbursts of indignation in the Japanese press, and of the formal protests filed in Washington through the embassies representing the four capitals. For each of those concessions trespassed upon a Japanese, French, British or Russian sphere of influence.

Mr. Coleman, who was touring the Far East and writing articles for the *Melbourne Herald*, was in Tokio when this happened, and does not seem to have returned to China to make direct inquiries about it. Had he done so, he might have found occasion to revise those chapters of his book dealing with the investment of American capital in China, and certain others dealing with the Open Door; for in Tokio he obtained only a part of the facts, and his most illuminating contribution to the incident consists in his extracts from Japanese newspapers, denouncing the prospective American intrusion as "reckless." He does not tell us that Paul S. Reinsch, who resigned recently as American minister to Peking, had visited the United States, ostensibly to enlist American capital, just before Mr. Carey put in an appearance in China; nor does he offer an explanation of those singular concessions, every one of which encroached on another nation's privileged territory. The explanation, as it came unofficially from a Chinese dignitary, was that China granted the contracts to see whether the United States would stand back of the Open Door policy.

Of course the United States did not stand back of it. It does not seem to be the policy of this Administration to stand back of anything, so far as

China is concerned. When protests and veiled threats began pouring into Washington, the State Department declared, in correct diplomatic phraseology, that Mr. Carey could go hang, that it knew nothing about his concessions, that Mr. Reinsch's trip had nothing to do with them. Thus was the danger of armed conflict averted, in somewhat the same manner as when in an earlier day Japan objected to an Anglo-American syndicate's proposal to build a Manchurian railway. It was averted by backing down.

Nobody, no sensible body, wants war; and if backing down from the Open Door theory will continue to prevent war nobody should object to that course. But everyone who is familiar with the present precarious balance of power in China realizes that the Open Door is the best hope of eliminating that system and preserving the peace and dignity of the Republic. Our vacillating policy imperils the world's well-being. All of the Powers, moreover, which protested against the American concessions in barred regions, were signatories to more than one covenant pledging themselves to the Open Door. None of them wants it, to be sure, because its establishment would mean for them the surrender of rich privileges. They have given it merely their robust vocal approbation, and at present that approval is as much a diplomatic irony as are the assurances of distinguished consideration with which passports are handed to the expelled envoy of an enemy nation.

Yet Mr. Coleman—although it was not his first journey to the Far East nor his first book about the intricate situation there—adopted an attitude of suave credulity toward the Open Door, even in Manchuria. This is not said in derogation, for the method has its advantages. We perceive in Mr. Coleman a bland, inquisitive, open-minded journalist, plying Japanese and Chinese, British and Americans, with a multitude of naive queries, then setting down their answers with meticulous care and even-handed justice. That is the picture he intends to present, and it is effective. Partisanship has blown hotly, like an Asian typhoon, through nearly all the books written about the Far East. Apparently no man can live there for any great length of time without becoming a bitter propagandist for one side or the other. And so Mr. Coleman's appearance of correct impartiality is as refreshing as a rain-wet wind after a dust-storm. If there is artfulness in his book it is in his seeming to be gradually persuaded, against his cordial better self, that the

Japanese are indeed the callous, furtive, and imperialistic people so many observers have come to fear they are.

It is not until Chapter XXVIII, in the account of what Mr. Coleman likes to call his "Open Door hunt" in Manchuria, that he gives unmistakable evidence of a suspicion crystallizing into conviction. He learned in Manchuria that Japanese who shipped goods by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha or the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the country's largest steamship lines, through Dairen (Dalny) into Manchuria, and all Japanese manufacturers of fifteen specified groups of commodities, or dealers in them, got a thirty per cent reduction on through freight rates, and that there was a fifteen per cent reduction on certain specified local shipments. In other words, Mr. Coleman professes to have found first-hand evidence of discrimination against competing nationals. The Melbourne Herald must have thought this an important "beat," but Americans are too familiar with the evil of railroad rebates to share deeply Mr. Coleman's shocked disillusion at his discovery. He recalls a familiar clause from John Hay's famous letter of 1899, to which Japan and all the other Powers interested in China subscribed:

... and no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled or operated within its 'sphere' [shall be imposed] on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such 'sphere' than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances.

Americans are likely to dismiss that phrase with a shrug. Surely they are not under any delusions about it. They may regard with some disquiet, however, the statement that the Japanese habitually decline to pay *likin*, the Chinese local octroi, and that the other nationals, not to be put at disadvantage, habitually follow suit. This is so much like an infringement of China's sovereignty that the difference can scarcely be detected.

"Some say the door is open," a Britisher in Manchuria told Mr. Coleman, "but a Japanese sentry is standing just inside with a rifle in his hands. I, for one, do not care if there is a whole regiment of Japanese just inside, with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed, if I have the British Government back of me."

An American said of the Open Door, "It is closed to the man who is afraid of the Japanese, or whose Government is apt to forget that he is still on earth when he tries to do business outside its borders."

If the trader thus expects the armed might of his country to be arrayed behind him, and if (as is the case with nationals other than Americans) he is assured that his expectation is justified, what hope is there that peace can be maintained between Powers jealously guarding, each of them, one or more special privileged zones?

Mr. Coleman discusses neither remedies in general, nor the Shantung problem in particular. Perhaps at the time of writing he thought, as did nearly every one else, that Shantung would remain in possession of China, to whom the province had legally reverted when the Republic declared war on Germany. He is much more concerned with the venomous Anglophobia of the Japanese press during the war. By the time he reaches a detailed discussion of this issue, he is frankly out of patience with the Japanese.

Now the Japanese Government believes that to spare the rod is to spoil the press. In peace and war, fines are imposed upon editors for the slightest transgressions and for more serious offenses there are graver punishments. Nowhere is the regimentation of publicity so rigorously enforced. So that Mr. Coleman rightly concludes that the attitude of Japanese editorial writers had the sanction of a Government under treaty alliance with Britain. But at the time this was happening Germany had rosy hopes of victory. The incident is past and ought to be done with, for subsequently Japan, although she did not even prevent the escape of German warships from eastern waters, and did precious little in any other direction toward winning the war, proved an ally ostensibly loyal enough. Mr. Coleman seems to think the newspaper strictures had some connection with the British embargo on Japanese cotton, and by way of retaliation goes into detail regarding the sweatshop labor conditions in Japan. He describes the employment in factories there of great numbers of girls of thirteen years or more. He tells how they work eleven hours a day or night, at wages of from ten to seventeen cents a day, about one-half of which is repaid to the employer for upkeep. He gives, moreover, instances of Japanese business duplicity and statistics of Japanese industrial conditions; and although he speaks of himself as an American, he translates *sen* and *yen* and *taels* throughout the book into pounds and pence. Some of the passages, indeed, have almost the flavor of a British commercial attache's report.

It cannot be said that Mr. Coleman has actually unveiled the Far East; but despite his rapid journalistic method and his somewhat haphazard assembling of facts, he manages in the end to give an enlightening outlook on that portion of the world. And his disclosures are worth the serious attention of all those who realize that, with the fate of nations balanced on an Oriental sword's edge, much may depend upon our intelligent acquaintance with conditions there.

SILAS BENT.

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THE COLLAPSE OF THE PEACE TREATY AND Covenant is no tribute to the sagacity of American statesmanship in the Senate. It merely registers the pathetic failure of European diplomacy to take advantage of our assistance in laying down the foundation of a new order. The peace of Versailles was dictated, not in the interests of peace, but in the interests of various bellicose, contentions, and self-sufficient nationalisms. The Covenant sheltered and perpetuated a series of alliances and strategic seizures whose spirit was repugnant to the best traditions of American liberalism. The Senate's response to the demand of European statesmen that we stabilize their intrigues and congeal their animosities was characteristic. The Senate said, in effect, that if Europe wished to play the old game of strategic, warlike diplomacy, then America would revert likewise to her ancient policy of strategic isolation. In the face of a threatening European imperialism, an instinctive and reactionary provincialism was the almost inevitable answer. Since Europe would not go forward with President Wilson's idealism into the new world, it can now prepare itself to go backward with the ghost of President Cleveland into the armed animosities of an earlier generation. As for the United States, it has now returned to almost the same position that it occupied prior to its entrance into the war, with such due allowances as must be made for a heightened nationalism and an increased willingness to set aside arbitration treaties in favor of a poisonously armed military system.

IN VIEW OF THE LAMENTABLE FUTILITIES OF international statesmanship it should be plain to every candid observer that the peace of the world cannot be entrusted to governments that reach the summit of their power and glory in breaking it. A governmental coalition to enforce peace is an anomaly: the sort of "peace" that was foreshadowed by the League was a morbid state of political quiescence. An enforced peace is not the way to a new polity: it is a move in the direction of making the defects of the old polity universal. To talk about enforcing peace under military pressure is as fatuous as to talk of enforcing civilization by dynamite. Peacedom is not a rule that can be laid down: it is a structure that must be built up. The need of the moment is the invention of instruments and institutions and modes of thought which will

effect the transition from wardom to peacedom—from the macerated "civilization" of No Man's Land to the strenuous and edifying realities of the great culture regions of the world. Fortunately a great part of these instruments and institutions are not within the province of the state. Hence America's temporary isolation from Europe, as a result of the collapse of the Treaty and Covenant, need not handicap the efforts to create a new order. The field for voluntary activity is large. If there be need for rough definition of the sort of enterprise Americans should seek to promote in the interest of a broad and effective internationalism, let the following suggestions serve tentatively as samples of imperative constructive endeavor. Let America's universities band together, for one thing, to cooperate with those of Europe and Asia in building up a League of Universities. This, as the distinguished sociologists, Messrs. Geddes and Bradford have pointed out in *Our Social Inheritance*, would serve as the necessary spiritual safeguard to those actual or incipient internationalisms in industry and administration whose temporal dominance might otherwise prove dangerous to the peoples involved in their organization. Such a League of Universities would naturally have to develop a world clearing-house. In the first place it would provide, on a scale only dimly provisioned in the Rhodes scholarships, for a far-reaching exchange of students: and with this would go a natural increase in the number and range of exchange professorships. In addition to an internationalization of personnel, similar steps would have to be taken with materiel, and Ostwald's plan for a standardization and circulation of books and periodicals would again come to the foreground. This, in turn, should lead to the development of the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels, and the duplication in great part of its equipment in the leading culture capitals of every great region. Complementary with this work goes the project for a unique model of our planet, as brought forward and designed by the great geographer, Elisee Reclus. The construction of such a model in at least one great city would make it possible for the student of international affairs, and the layman as well, to withdraw from the petulant tumult of rival schemes and policies, and survey the globe as a whole, modeled in accurate relief; thence to consult a library housed in the same building and stocked with a literature which

should set forth in detail every physical and sociological feature of the earth's being, as far as science has explored. For lack of such a concrete visualization of the solid bases of man's existence, the diversity of climates and places and peoples, we follow too blindly the blankly deceptive abstractions of ignorant politicians, historians, and publicists. The project for such a globe should be pushed again, therefore, with renewed vigor, for it would be an earnest of our readiness to think of the affairs of peoples in terms of their reaction throughout the planet as a whole. Following the scheme of an international organization of scholars, an international labor exchange for doctors, journalists, and engineers presents itself as a correlative task. It would serve to assist in constructing that international frame of mind in which any material scheme for world-wide cooperation must hang. In the interim, while we set the stage for the genuine internationalism of peacedom, we must also master in our own communities the new part we shall have to play. We must adjust the internal life and habit of the nation to the ramifying world relations of the Great Industry. The policy of our state on immigration, on tariffs, on military armament, stands in need of close scrutiny, for as long as we act on the principle of bellicose national isolation the practical world-wide cooperation which the Great Industry enforces by its own logic will have to buck the current of sentiment and impulse—and in the critical moment sentiment and impulse will prevail. Our educational system likewise, in so far as it enforces subordination of individuals and groups to the state, and in so far as it places blind "patriotism" at a higher level than intelligent (critical) citizenship, must be transformed drastically enough to meet the needs of the Coming Polity. In short, we must provide an outlet for the forces of free association and creative enterprise, in order to rid ourselves of the compulsions and dogmatisms and ultimate physical disasters of wardom within the circle of belligerent national states. Peacedom, it is plain, cannot be enacted at a session of parliament, any more than peace itself could be effected at the private councils of Versailles. A long and tedious process of transition must intervene. To avoid the crippling sterility of war or the caesarean operation of revolution we must conceive a new society and face the long travail of its birth.

TO THE BALANCE-OF-POWER SYSTEM BELONGS, IN large measure, the credit for preserving the international tranquility of Europe in the decades which followed the Franco-Prussian War; but this system alone could not have achieved the pacification of a continent which, since the Napoleonic era, had been disturbed more often by revolutions than by international conflicts. It is to these revolutions, as much as to the wars of nations,

that Europe owed the Great Peace. In the course of the general upheaval, forces which had been long in developing realized their strength in quickly acquired rights; the external Balance of Power was supplemented by an internal Balance of Privilege—the peace of international checks and balances by the peace of political democracy. It is fundamentally characteristic of the era of the Great Peace that it witnessed the substitution of geographic grouping for social stratification as the fundamental principle of human association. This shift of emphasis was the natural concomitant of the leveling tendencies of nationalism and political democracy. It is true certain groups, such as the Roman Catholic clergy, held out for stratification heedless of political boundaries, but the fundamental concept of equality before the law had its way, and the man, the citizen, came to be regarded as primarily an inhabitant of a certain district and above all as a national of a certain state. The geographic, political, national concept of society was so completely realized during the latter half of the nineteenth century that the world seemed to have come to a dead center. Any amount of writing and thinking was done on the assumption that society had now crystallized in its final form. The political revolution had run its course; the economic revolution had not come, and might never come; the civilized world was, in its broad outlines at least, a finished structure. This attitude of mind is by no means a new phenomenon. In history consolidation follows regularly upon convulsion—complacency upon conquest. Patriarchal, civic, imperial, and feudal societies have placed varying emphasis upon organization by area as against organization by class, and each in turn has been regarded as the final form of society, destined for reformation but not for revolution. It is not surprising then that pre-war political society was accepted as an ultimate achievement. Nor is it sacrilege to question the validity of this acceptance.

THE GREAT WAR THREATENED THE STATUS QUO only in its superficial aspect. Indeed it might have been expected that the triumph of the Allies, who had accepted the territorial, anti-class concept of society even more completely than the Germans, might result in the establishment of political democracy as the final form of society. Fortunately or not—depending upon the point of view—the war has had two indirect results which threaten the destruction of the very system supposedly safeguarded by the Entente victory. In the course of the Allied reorganization for conquest, many of the liberties supposedly inherent in the system of democracy have been cancelled, while in Russia the validity of the system itself is now denied. This state of things has resulted in a degree of mental confusion which was quite unknown before the War. The revolution that was finished, and the

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revolution that was dreamed of, seem now actually to overlap. The partisan of political democracy realizes that he has lost much of what he once possessed; but a protest may mark him as pro-Bolshevist—just as a protest during the war would have marked him as pro-German. The radical, on the other hand, expends a considerable amount of energy in the liberal cause, when he might better realize that between him and the liberal the likenesses are superficial, while the differences are of the fundamental sort. The question actually at issue between the two camps is this: is our society bound finally to a geographic, political organization? And if not, what is the alternative? When liberalism no longer makes a fetish of political democracy—when radicalism no longer talks about the substitution of one dictatorship for another—we may be ready for a frank discussion of the desirability, and the means, of substituting "workmanship" for citizenship—federated industrial groups for geographic units or antagonistic classes. The proposal is that *economic association* be restored to a place it has not occupied since the patriarchal family was the fundamental unit of society. Theoretically the case should be judged as between political democracy at its best on the one hand, and industrial democracy on the other. Practically—foolishly, as the conservatives must eventually realize—we have been deprived of much of the material of a reasoned judgment by the setting of a deformed and underfed democracy of votes to oppose an increasingly attractive democracy of work.

THE MODIFICATION OF BRITISH POLICY TOWARD Russia; following upon the triple reverse of Yudenitch, Denikin, and Kolchak, promises a reasonably early solution of the Baltic complex. Three separate groups have interests on the Baltic shore. The German expansionists in this region have had the help of a powerful indigenous nobility, Germanic in race and sympathies, heirs of the Teutonic Knights and the Sword Brothers of the Middle Ages, and real if not recognized rulers of the Baltic provinces under the czars. In spite of this, the whole German Baltic scheme would doubtless have fallen to pieces after the military collapse of the Central Empires if the Allies had not given the Germans permission to remain in "those territories which before the war had formed part of the Russian Empire," which territories the Germans had already occupied (Armistice, Article XII). Nevertheless the Germans withdrew their lines considerably, continuing in some areas to meddle in local affairs, elsewhere leaving the coast clear for a three-cornered fight on the part of the Junker nobility and merchants, the Lettish, Estonian, and Lithuanian nationalists, and the native and imported Bolsheviks. In the course of this contest, new bourgeois governments, anti-German and anti-Bolshevist in character, came into control of the three

mid-Baltic states, with Von der Goltz's unwelcome troopers still billeted upon them. This arrangement seemed adequate for the defense of the new Eastern Front, but certainly it gave no promise of producing the great anti-Bolshevist offensive which was necessary to the fulfillment of Allied policy. Military leaders were agreed that Bolshevism ought to be crushed, but England, France, and the Germans were by no means of one mind as to the instrument to be used. From the beginning, France had held out for Poland. This poverty-stricken country, rolled flat by invading armies, plagued by a Semitic problem that equals our own Negro question in the hatred it engenders, overloaded already with territories peopled by Germans, Ukrainians and White Russians—this small and thin-spread nation should be given a free hand in the Baltic—so said the French. The Poles have continued their suicidal advance eastward into Russia, but the task of pacifying the Baltic lands has not yet been assigned them; the British had a counter-plan which had to be tried out first. The Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian governments had from the beginning been favorably disposed toward the British. But, for the launching of an offensive against Petrograd, England had need of an instrument more pliable than any she already possessed; to meet this need, the Russian Northwestern Government was created, and shortly thereafter was made the recipient of a loan. Judging from the energy of the Bolshevik counter-attack, it is probable that Yudenitch could not have succeeded in pacifying northwest Russia, even under the most favorable conditions. That the conditions were not altogether favorable is due to the fact that a third group, also interested in the pacification of the Slavs, decided at an inopportune time to do some campaigning on their own account. The force in this case was a German-Russian one, under the command of Colonel Bemondt-Avalov, and the political machine organized to take charge of the territory to be redeemed was called the West Russian Government. According to the London Times, the German supporters of this movement were still sufficiently interested in the *drang nach Osten*—by proxy—to promise the Russians a free hand in Persia and Turkey. The Bemondt enterprise, referred to by a German Socialist paper as a "dress-rehearsal of the German counter-revolution," did not differ from the English undertaking in outcome. Yudenitch's forces were pushed back by the Bolsheviks and have been absorbed by the Estonian army. Bemondt's contingent was beaten by the Letts, before it came in sight of the Bolshevik frontier, and is now following Von der Goltz's Iron Division in all haste along the road to Germany. As a next step, the Estonians, Letts, and Lithuanians are again proposing to talk peace with the Bolsheviks. If the British have consented to the conference, it is doubtless because they hope to preserve a foothold for friendship on the Baltic shore.

Casual Comment

IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN WHETHER THE PEOPLE can be brought to pageantry by a process of attrition, for the persistence with which Percy MacKaye discovers "new forms" of community drama, and his zeal in heralding them, foster the suspicion that such is his intention. He continues to pour out his "hermit soul" in one masque after another—a placid stream of allegory in the meadows of democracy. If Mr. MacKaye were called upon to drive a chariot around the Harvard stadium, we are convinced that he would turn the performance into a community affair; more than that, he would contrive to harness percheron, pacer, and pack horse together, and then be surprised at his inability to get the necessary speed out of the combination.

The latest fagots to be tossed upon Mr. MacKaye's smouldering bonfire are Washington: The Man Who Made Us (Knopf), and The Will of Song (Boni & Liveright), the latter in cooperation with Harry Barnhart, after "considerable wrestling of the spirit" and "soul searching." In Washington, there are some elements of drama, and some of folk lore and some of balladry, but in the fusion they fail to work up into the desired homogeneity. The mood is now one thing, and now another; the reader is alternately hurried and halted. Considered by themselves, certain of the dramatic scenes are marked with a degree of intensity and feeling which is well sustained. Considered by themselves, certain of the "transitions" have charm and color. On the other hand, there are times when the MacKaye technique is not many paces removed from that of the hated commercial theater, as expressed in such "morality plays" as Experience and Everywoman. Washington is designated as a "ballad play," and since, as the author affirms in the appendix, "critical interpreters are habitually more slow than creative workers to detect and illuminate things very important potentially," we deem it no more than discreet to quote Mr. MacKaye's own evaluation of the new form, "whereby an on-flowing continuity and variety of action (with no heavy sets of the old regime to impede it) enables the dramatist (like the sculptor) to project a manifold frieze of figures structurally related, and leads to a large new freedom in his art, akin to that of the Elizabethan technique, but (thanks to our modern art of lighting) without the starkness of that." Further on, he likens the "ballad play" to a "motivated vaudeville form," which strikes us as a more accurate and less diffuse analogy.

As for the results, it cannot be affirmed that the breath of life has been breathed into the central figure, save in a vaguely romanian way. We have the curtain withdrawn on Washington in episodic snatches, some highly dramatic, others almost pastoral. Mr. MacKaye encourages the general to do stagey things, while at Valley Forge, for ex-

ample, the dialogue is an easy give-and-take, smelling of the lamp and not of reality. Instead of humanizing Washington, the author's alchemy has but changed a bronze figure into a sort of golden treasury.

The Will of Song, a dramatic service for a two days' song festival, is an answer to the thundering query: How may the surging tides of Man be sluiced in conduits of Art, without losing their primal glory and momentum? This little job of engineering is to be accomplished, we discover, through the medium of the Group Person, wherein the untrained singing of the people becomes a structural factor in the festival. It is apparent that this use of the Group Person is analogous to the familiar congregational "responses" in religious service, and although it may play minor roles, we question the wisdom of "starring" it, as Mr. MacKaye says we should—at least not until the community millennium, still apparently some distance off despite the best efforts of the masque maker.

THERE IS A HUMOR SO DELICATE THAT FEW AUTHORS dare to indulge it, and critics hardly ever. It is all compact of suave irony and artless wit. It is a humor so fine that one is least sure of it when it is most present. Something of this quality is to be had in Mrs. Wilkinson's remarkable book: The New Voices (Macmillan). There is none of the heavy seriousness of Sir Thomas Browne in her monody on death:

Of the radical poets in general it may be said that most of their work will die, and die very soon. But that may be said just as truly of conservative poets. Nearly all the work of nearly all poets dies, and dies soon.

One reads on, in a kind of "drowsy reverie, relieved by nervous thrills," which is Santayana's definition of what music means to most people. So Mrs. Wilkinson's book is music? Not exactly. But one has a sense of its calm fluency, the fluency of the teacher who brings up poets in the way they should go; the calmness that will spoil the poetry rather than speed the rod.

The author is at her best when she considers the radicals. "They are," she admits, with a kind of terrified admiration, "undeniably alarmingly clever." Her remarks on Eliot would distinguish any volume of criticism: "Notice these lines from 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' by T. S. Eliot:

'Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table.'

There are innumerable possible comments upon these lines. On what aspect of them does Mrs. Wilkinson dwell? With unimpeachable honesty she goes to the clear truth of the matter: "This comparison," she says, and who will deny her? "would never come into the mind of a stupid man, of an unsophisticated man." It is their sophistica-

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tion that she seems most to shy at. Of Mr. Pound she says, "He is so clever that one mentions him with trepidation, knowing how much amused he would be at the wrong thing said." One would fain offer the lady one's hand in the darkness of that knowledge. But she gains courage with her period, and shortly passes judgment: "The truth of the matter is that Mr. Pound is too clever to be a poet." What will you reply to that, Pound? All your cleverness cannot get you out of that. It will only damn you deeper. Now at last, however, we know what the unfortunate man meant in his Lake Isle, when he cried:

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves,
Lend me a little tobacco-shop, or install me in any profession
Save this damned profession of writing, where one needs
one's brains all the time.

It was the cry of self-knowledge. But Miss Wilkinson does not leave the matter there. It is in her elucidation that one gets that fine humor whereof we spoke earlier. "A poem subtly charged with superiority," she states gravely, "will hardly give pleasure to many readers, because they themselves never have cause to know what conscious superiority is like, and therefore cannot share the mood."

THE SEASON OF 1918-1919 WAS UNDOUBTEDLY THE dullest for art that New York has known in recent times. The war had succeeded in diverting the minds of both practitioners and public from almost all interest in art, and it was not until the very end of the season when the Metropolitan Museum organized its great exhibition of Courbet, that anything on a considerable scale was attempted. The galleries along Fifth Avenue, kept a mournful silence, knowing they would arouse only a very slight interest, though they should assume the expense of important exhibitions. This year things will be different: the artists are thinking of their own problems again, and the public once more wants to know something of beauty. No visitor to the Museum can have failed to get an impression of the eager interest of the throngs which are now visiting it nor can he have failed to note the change from the listlessness in the attendance there a year ago.

A particularly fortunate sign of the times is the establishment of the De Zayas Gallery at 549 Fifth Avenue. It is the successor of the Modern Gallery, which did valuable work from 1915 onward; it will continue that work—in larger quarters and with greater scope. The opening exhibition of the gallery was one of Chinese art, a very remarkable group of early paintings, formed by Charles Vignier. It was followed by a showing of African Negro art, of which we had already seen much in Mr. De Zayas' exhibitions. Later there will be Gothic sculpture, and European and American painting. An exhibition open till December 13 shows nineteenth century art at its apogee, with works by Cour-

bet, Manet, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, and Matisse.

Will certain critics promptly announce that the showing of older works at this gallery is a proof that modern art has "collapsed"? They have been diligently endeavoring to inculcate that idea for some years now, undismayed, in public at least, when their predictions of the disappearance of the moderns fail of realization. What has happened is that modern art, having outlived the period where it seemed sensational, has settled down to the place in public interest at which it was evidently to arrive. Comparatively few laymen have time or inclination to make the effort needed for the appreciation of new ideas, but the number of those who have reached a liking for modern work goes on slowly and steadily increasing. As to the artists, there is evidence on every side that the ideas of even ten years ago no longer satisfy them, and they are making diverse and—among the better men—very earnest efforts to advance. From Paris the news is that the men looked upon as leaders before the war are quietly continuing with the work or with evolved forms of the work we have seen from them before. The first Salon d'Automne since 1913 will doubtless bring forth new talent, as will the Indépendants in the spring and as fresh ideas appear we shall doubtless feel that the moderns of yesterday are quite on good terms with the innovators of preceding decades. The importance of the De Zayas Gallery will be that it will give us a chance to see what is developing in European and American art, and to see the relation of our contemporary masters with those of the past.

A READING OF THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE Committee on an Enlarged Program for the American Library Service calls to mind the fact that the year since Armistice Day has exhibited in certain unofficial war activities a greater tenacity of life than the army itself possessed. For the private soldier, the Great War was a sordid business to be gotten over and out of, as soon as possible. Certainly the army offered nothing in the way of personal advancement or day-to-day satisfaction that could prompt him to follow romantic precedent and refuse to be demobilized. A very different feeling attached to the work of the various welfare organizations, now clamorous for a place in the sun of peace. As for the rank and file of the welfare workers, there is no question but that they got from their daily tasks a genuine satisfaction not shared by the soldier; they liked it, and they do not want to be demobilized. With less of the satisfaction of work, the staff officers of these organizations had more of the satisfaction of power; *they* liked it, and *they* do not want to be demobilized. Rank and file together, each of these organizations in fact constitutes an army at peace; and, true to type, each is trying to find or make a war that will justify its continued existence. It will be well

enough, then, for the citizen who was be-buttoned in a dozen campaigns during the war to ask himself, as one new peace-drive after another advances upon him, whether the organization concerned was made for the job it proposes to undertake, or the job for the organization. With this consideration in mind, it must be said that the preliminary report of the A. L. A. committee is not a wholly satisfactory and convincing document—hardly an adequate basis, one would say, for the proposed appeal to public generosity. Certain features of the program—such as library extension, the examination and certification of librarians, and propaganda to increase the use of libraries—are most commendable. On the other hand the proposal to spend \$50,000 in the preparation of an International Bibliography of Humanistic Literature is a flight in the face of Providence; the complete duplication of the bibliography of the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels could probably be arranged for at a cost of \$5,000. In the very fact that \$2,000,000 is the goal fixed for the drive there lies the suggestion that large-scale operations too suddenly developed may involve large-scale waste. If the Association desires to overcome this impression there is yet time for a more specific statement of its aims, or a reduction of its budget to more modest terms.

ONE WHO ENGAGES THE SERVICES OF A PRESS clipping bureau does so with the pleasant assurance that no shears will be spared in his behalf, and generally in the belief that no matter what topic he may be interested in, a handful of clippings will be forthcoming with the next turn of the printing presses. Yet we tremble to imagine how slender would be the yield if one commissioned a clipping bureau to send all the genuine literature appearing in the daily newspapers. Closing the fragrant pages of Lafcadio Hern's *Fantastics* (Houghton Mifflin), which is a collection of sketches written for New Orleans newspapers in the eighties, one cannot help comparing these sensitive, fragile outpourings, which seem to have lost none of their freshness, with the paucity of anything resembling literature in our dailies of the present dispensation. Hearn touched upon all manner of themes—some of which he was content to clothe as the merest fragments—but all have charm, a touch of brooding melancholy, or a bit of rich imagery. Writings of parallel—or even of approximate quality—seldom grace the transient pages of the "latest extra." One never hesitates to toss aside the breakfast table companion after digesting the headlines, for fear of missing some rare gem of creative fancy, hidden beneath pure advertising. Literature has been displaced in this age of the eight-column "streamer" and the comic "strip." The clipping bureau, eager as it might be to oblige, would be doomed to disappointment if it sought to supply

clippings of that product. Its function is but to serve the busy person who is impelled—by vocation or vanity—to read up on his "specialty." It is the hireling alike of the public benefactor and the public nuisance, with the latter generally garnering the larger stack of clippings. It will undertake to provide you with everything from clipped calumny in column lengths to puffs a paragraph long, but should you ask for the things of the imagination—"dreams of a tropical city," as Hearn calls his *Fantastics*—your order cannot be filled.

THE DIAL ANNOUNCES THE RESIGNATION OF Martyn Johnson, Oswald W. Knauth, and Helen Marot from The Dial Publishing Company and from the editorial staff; and of Robert Morss Lovett, Thorstein Veblen, Lewis Mumford, and Geroid Robinson from the editorial staff. J. S. Watson, Jr., has been elected President, and Scofield Thayer Secretary-Treasurer, of The Dial Publishing Company. With this issue Scofield Thayer becomes Editor, and Stewart Mitchell Managing Editor, of the magazine.

BY THE MERGING OF THE TWO FORTNIGHTLY numbers for December into a single issue, THE DIAL will become a monthly. It will also diverge in more important aspects from THE DIAL of the last year and a half, particularly in its greater emphasis on art and literature. Or more precisely, in addition to essays we expect to publish some fiction and drawings. We can assure all concerned that our choice of material will be independent of the conventional considerations, independent, that is, "*jusques au feu exclusive*." But for fear this become the occasion of a manifesto, we leave our readers to form their opinion of us from what we shall do rather than from what we say at present.

THE PRESENT NUMBER CONCLUDES VOLUME LXVII of THE DIAL. The Index to this volume and the Index to Volumes LXVI, which has been held up by the New York printers' strike, will be issued separately as soon as publishing conditions permit and will be mailed free to any subscriber who requests them.

Editor
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Notes on New Books

ECSTASY. By Louis Couperus. 240 pages. Dodd, Mead.

All our lives many of us have believed in the phlegm of the Dutchman. Washington Irving limned him with such broad strokes that we took him amusedly for granted as a comfortable person, thanking the gods that they had not made him poetical. But in this novel, written twenty-seven years ago and only now translated into English, there are no venturesome patroons and robust mevrouws. These are patricians, delicately bred, temperamental, the men either diplomats, military officers, or sportsmen, the women vaguely restless exotics, charming and fragile. Theirs is an old-world social system whose palisade seems insurmountable alike for the exoticism within and the sturdiness without.

Ecstasy has an even more highly charged atmosphere than *Small Souls*, though both deal chiefly with the emotions of one woman against the background of her family. It is a story of love, not a love story. Taco Quaerts wishes to adore a madonna in his soulful reactions after wild and sordid escapades, leaving his brute nature quite untrammelled to riot elsewhere. Cecile Van Even loves him passionately. She does not wish to be a goddess, placed on a pedestal and worshipped. Yet she feels that if she would love the man unselfishly, she must be what he wishes. She must remain the pure, condescending madonna of his contrite hours. So she mounts the pedestal—and neither of them is satisfied. The ecstasies of worship and renunciation are not for a lifetime. Taco Quaerts is an unworthy hero, but Cecile needs only a normal setting to make her a fascinating, human heroine.

As in *Small Souls* there is a sensitive, unhappy adolescent who, one fancies, must have something of Couperus himself in him, he is so understandingly handled. Most of Couperus' characters are tragic, less through circumstance than because of their own too finely fibred, shakily poised egos. They are so futile that not even such an artist as Couperus can make a genuine story out of them.

WAR IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN. By Kermit Roosevelt. 253 pages. Scribner.

The picturesque title of this book is indicative of its quality. We follow Captain Roosevelt with the British troops from Italy to Mesopotamia, along the Tigris front and into the Arabian Nights as well as the Garden of Eden. The warfare described is rather sketchy compared with the heavy trench and forest fighting on the western front.

Captain Roosevelt was assigned to the Motor Machine Gun Corps, and had his full share of danger and the difficulties of transportation by desert and flood. The last quarter of the book leaves Eden for France and finally for "Hunland," where the American First Division takes its place in the Army of Occupation.

The book is not remarkable for war data, though it does add to our knowledge of that psychologically important campaign in the near-east. It gives the charm of ancient cities, once seaports but now inland, and vivid pictures of Turk and Arab who "played no favorite but attacked whichever side came handier." It is really a valuable bit of biography. Captain Roosevelt is keenly alive, understands human nature, and writes well. When he comes into an oriental town he proceeds to make friends, enjoys the people in their own homes, finds their bazaars fascinating and even becomes useful as an interpreter. His sense of humor is always equal to the strain of war, and he takes much of his happiness with him in the form of books—remembered volumes and new ones to be bagged from fellow officers or out-of-the-way libraries. He fortunately has the "Lusiads" with him when the Arab speeches at a banquet become hopelessly long drawn out. He quotes Isaiah on the fall of Babylon, and in abundant, colorful vocabulary, even in turn of phrase he often brings Kim and the Plain Tales to mind. Strictly speaking, the book has neither beginning nor end, climax nor conclusion. It is the record of a few worth-while years in an eventful life.

MRS. MARDEN. By Robert Hichens. 325 pages. Doran.

Mrs. Marden is written with such facile celerity that it suggests something produced after long rehearsal in the author's brain. The characters have the versimilitude of well-trained actors. They never hesitate in doing what shall most express the quality for which they have been thrust into existence. Mrs. Marden herself is as if quite willing to reverse Nature's progression and be metamorphosed from a care-free butterfly to a very Freudian caterpillar in order to convince us that Haeckel's doctrine of "emotional necessity" is but an inverted proof that a justification for such necessity exists. There is in the study of this woman whose only son is killed in the war a real opportunity for the psychologist who would depict a narrowly integrated but self-respecting doubter gradually succumbing to the demands of her starved emotions. Mr. Hichens, with his churchman's view of the universe, scarcely lives up to the requirements of the occasion he has created. He sheds no light of intellectual vividness on his situation. Indeed, he is as undetached from the

circumstances he depicts as his characters themselves. How else the reverence unwarmed by humor with which he sets down Emily King's demurely platitudinous confession of faith, or the conscious nobility with which he overcomes the fastidiousness of an ingrained snobbery and gives the discredited medium, Peter Irwin, a due of tempered credence. It is only here and there that an intuitively selected phrase illuminates Mrs. Marden's emotions with its unique appropriateness. The war has revolutionized Mr. Hichens in the literal sense. It has brought him back to a beginning. His is a mind incapable of rebellion, but one feels that within the limitations of this incapacity he has reacted authentically to the harrowing events of the last few years. A modified Deity, already divested of omnipotence in the liberal atmosphere of pre-war days, is here in turn dethroned in favor of a veiled incarnation of the inscrutably jealous Dictator of Mosaic law. However, the breaking down of Mrs. Marden's always somewhat blurred individuality is accomplished with little struggle. One recalls in contrast the sharp skepticism of Tolstoy's Ivan Ilych which kept the man alive until his death.

Mrs. Marden, who is an Anglo-Saxon lady, having renounced her will, is able to pass almost imperceptibly from an invited to an enforced defeat.

A SAILOR'S HOME. By Richard Dehan. 370 pages. Doran.

The humorist, whether his method be the bold one of slapstick comedy, or that of the most insidious satire, seduces his audience by an unuttered but constantly inferred compliment. To exalt one person or group of persons convincingly at the expense of another this ridicule must be grounded in a profound recognition of the human nature to be victimized. If one deals with only a hypothetical human nature (and this is the case of Mr. Dehan) it is impossible to create in the mind of the sophisticated reader that attitude of complacent receptivity which the humorist ideally demands of his audience. In those incidents of English life among seafaring folk and other types of diverse humanity, mostly of humble origin, here collected, we are nowhere flattered to the kindly point of contempt which the slight pleasantries of Mr. Dehan's style, in the first few pages of the book, led us to anticipate. He writes meandering sentences that titillate here and there by terminating in unexpected phraseology, and there is an atmosphere of easeful permanence in his backgrounds. Ensnared in his armchair England it would be delightful to watch inconsequential characters betray an appropriate and amusing inferiority, would our vanity permit, but Mr. Dehan has too light an opinion of us. He gives us puppet

groups which undergo labored temporary disarrangements only that he may finally jerk them into place with the neat suggestion of a homily. Here virtue triumphs, when virtue is sentimentally fortified with a bank account, and the divine right of kings vested in the person of George V is a satisfying belief unimpeached by modernity. The humor is crude without the vim and spontaneity which are sometimes the ornaments of crudeness, and the whole is glossed with fatuous condescension toward those individuals whom the author sympathetically indicates as belonging to a lower order. A snob's edition of W. W. Jacobs.

MIND AND CONDUCT. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. 236 pages. Scribner.

To those who are interested in metaphysics, Dr. Rutgers offers an unusual combination of acquaintance with scientific modes of thought and a predilection for abstract speculations. The general treatment is from a frankly dualistic point of view, with an assumption of "correspondence" between psychic processes and physical processes. While he acknowledges the tendency of the human mind to some form of monism, he does not find such a unification necessary, although he inclines to the idealistic interpretation, going so far as to attribute consciousness to the ultimate elements of the universe. There is apparent in various places a conflict in the author's mind between his appreciation of scientific formulations as practical working hypotheses, and his own search for ultimate truths. Thus, the mechanistic conception "may be quite properly employed in practical investigations as a valuable tool even by those who hesitate to accept it as final;" but the scientist never urges you to accept it as final. Emphasis is laid upon the intellect as creative, and on the responsibility of using the reason for discovering modes of conduct that are more adequate than the traditional modes on the one hand, and the "intuitional" or instinctive modes on the other.

BRITISH WAR ADMINISTRATION. By John Fairlie. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Preliminary Economic Studies of the War. No. 8. 302 pages. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION IN WAR TIME AND AFTER. By William Franklin Willoughby. 370 pages. Appleton.

The unprecedented opportunities afforded by the war for experiments in administration lead one to turn with interest to any such authoritative discussions of governmental organization as these two volumes offer. Their pages disclose a bewildering number of new agencies which have been created by the governments of both countries for war pur-

poses—a rapid succession of more or less ephemeral commissions, ministries, boards, departments, and committees—the product of a half blind search for agencies that would carry out these purposes. And among these seemingly numberless experiments one searches for new light on administrative problems.

The two books cover much the same field for the two countries, but a different emphasis results from different methods of approach. Dr. Fairlie, in the volume on British War Administration, confines himself almost wholly to organization. And the introductory chapters on "War Measures in Former Times" and "Agencies of Action," together with the historical treatment adopted throughout, give coordination and a feeling of logical development which is never quite lost, even through the long lists of boards and committees (often quite unaccounted for) which follow.

Dr. Willoughby's Government Organization in War Time and After gives no such feeling of unity, partly because the work of the regular departments of government has not been included, partly for the reason that the subject has been presented by problems, with a discussion which extends beyond mere organization. Each problem is complete in itself: a brief statement of the situation, a somewhat detailed description of the various instruments devised to cope with it (accompanied by excerpts from public documents describing functions and powers), some account of the activities undertaken, and finally an estimate of the success with which the situation was met. Such unfavorable criticisms as are given, for example, the estimate of the defects of the Council of National Defense, are the more effective because indulged in sparingly. The collection of the important facts of our war-time administration, the abundant quotations from laws and public documents not always easy to obtain, and careful indexing, combine to make Dr. Willoughby's volume invaluable for reference purposes.

As to whether we have profited by our war experiences in administration both authors leave us in doubt. The recognized importance of concentration of responsibility, at least in time of emergency, has perhaps been emphasized. The functioning of the War Cabinet of England has been watched with interest. Further, the method of controlling industry in the United States through federal licenses, and the use of corporations as governmental agencies suggest, as Dr. Willoughby points out, possible new lines of development in administration. There have been other departures from usual forms of organization. But the heterogeneity of the forms which did, or did not, succeed, leaves a growing conviction, as these volumes are read, that aside from a reasonable concentration of power form is immaterial. The degree of success achieved would seem to have been largely determined by the degree of personal ability displayed by those carrying on the work, and by the spirit in which their activities have been received.

LENIN, the Man and His Work. By Albert Rhys Williams, Colonel Raymond Robins and Arthur Ransome. 202 pages. Scott & Seltzer.

The three authors of this book form as queer a fraternity as ever came under the eye of the police—an ex-preacher turned Bolshevik, a colonel of the American Red Cross, and a calm-souled journalist from England, all brought together by the ingenuity of the person first named to discuss the work and worth of a terrorist, and all willing to concede to him many of the attributes of wisdom and respectability.

Mr. Williams' contribution is the least impressive of the three, chiefly because it gives too frequent evidence of unsound and wishful thinking—as for instance when the author says of the Lenin family

Sensitive to the things of the mind, they became likewise increasingly sensitive to the sufferings of the great masses. The beauty and interest of their home life was such a contrast to the dullness and misery of the life of the millions around them groaning under the tyranny of Czarism.

The chapters are too largely made up of anecdotal material and unsupported generalizations, while facts relative to the personal life and public career of the hero are conspicuous for their absence. The author does not miss the opportunity to contrast the incisive logic of Lenin with the large flowing phrases of Woodrow Wilson—and in the very act of so doing he steps at least part way toward the President's unsure position.

Colonel Robins, with William Hard for amanuensis and perhaps for phrasemaker, does much better, and in fact shares honors with the chapters reprinted here from Arthur Ransome's *Russia* in 1919. Messrs. Robins and Ransome assume none of the obligations of biographer or historian. Nevertheless by means of quotations from Lenin's own utterances they succeed in individualizing the man completely, and exhibit in him characteristics most encouraging to those familiar with the common disabilities of the radical mind. It appears indeed that Lenin is as impatient with radical cant as with the older varieties of jargon. Words in their conventional combinations are the least of his concerns. He faces the fact that in Russia destruction has imposed the obligation of construction, and he has made it his special business to lead the revolution towards work—Labor Discipline. In all the history of revolutions there is no more remarkable phenomenon than this: that among a high-strung people, in a time of emotional exaltation, there has come into leadership a man whose dryly practical mind attempts no leaps along the road to Utopia:

He had out-analyzed and out-seen everybody. His books and his documents and his reports and his theses and all his scholastic methods and manners had not hindered him—perhaps they had helped him—in becoming his party's absolute realist and almost absolute ruler.

THE LIFE OF MATTER: An Inquiry and Adventure. Edited by Arthur Turnbull. 324 pages. Lippincott; Philadelphia.

Every form of matter is active and eternal. Like causes never product like effects. Action and Reaction are unequal. The Law of Causation is incredible. No aspect of matter is ever identical at any two successive moments of time. Matter changes from within, motion emerges.

We are accustomed to the mysticism of the mystics who are so certain of the futility of science that they will none of it; but Mr. Turnbull has studied his science—all the sciences—and shows a very comprehensive acquaintance with the materials as well as with the methods of modern science. Like other philosophical minds he seeks unity. The increasing knowledge about living things, instead of making him emphasize the difference between the living and the non-living, drives him—as it drives men like Jacques Loeb—to see the common factors in all forms of matter and action. But unlike Loeb, he concludes that the living and the non-living are alike because every atom is living. Modern physics offers data to support the theory that “all matter is active,” if any comfort is to be derived from it; but it is hard to see what kinds of satisfactions will accrue to those who repudiate all thought of causality. The history of medicine alone, or of agriculture alone, to say nothing of more abstract fields of human interest, ought to serve as an effective antidote to this particular type of mysticism.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JAMES MONROE TAYLOR: The Biography of an Educator. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. 391 pages. Dutton.

Thirty years of devotion to a single cause and to a single institution constitutes unusually sustained human endeavor. James Monroe Taylor, who died at the close of 1916, left behind him sixty-eight years of life, the best three decades of which were given to the upbuilding of Vassar College. Today, when equality of opportunity for the sexes is axiomatic in American society, and when Vassar is only one of many institutions devoting itself to the higher education of women, we are likely to underestimate the importance of Vassar during the first twenty years of Dr. Taylor's presidency. True it had already behind it twenty difficult years of achievement as the pioneer endowed college for women. But the half dozen years preceding Dr. Taylor's presidency were years of special difficulty and discouragement. The number of students was decreasing and the endowment was inadequate. From this depression President Taylor rescued it. Getting funds was no easy matter, but more important still was his victory in re-

lation to the strongly entrenched reactionary concept of the status of woman. A disposition to deplore “excessive mentality” was still widely manifest. Dr. Taylor's position may be given in his own words from an address of the year 1905:

No one who watches college women for years and really knows their interests and work will accept conclusions which tend to show that their education reduces or destroys the normal affections, wants and aspirations. But even this leaves unanswered her claim to decide for herself as to the using of her mental faculties. Matthew Vassar's words are still of weight: “Woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.” It may indeed be said for woman as for all other students, that the assumption that she has a special mission and that the teacher knows what it is, is the pedagogue's fallacy underlying very much unsound training in our day. Early education needs to be for life and not for specific work, the training of the whole individual, cosmopolitan rather than provincial, for wealth of life more than depth of learning.

Thus Vassar was a pioneer in lighting up dark places. Its successful crusade encouraged the founding of Smith, Mount Holyoke, and the many institutions which followed. It cleared the ground for the woman's movement in America.

COMEDIANS ALL. By George Jean Nathan. 267 pages. Knopf.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. 311 pages. Stewart & Kidd.

It is the custom, when Mr. Nathan's name is mentioned, to raise one eyebrow in derision and lower the other in condemnation. The grimace is not entirely justified; but if Mr. Nathan objects to it he should mend his ways. It is largely his own facial contortion when turning a critical front toward the contemporary stage. Indeed, this latest book of his might not be inappropriately subtitled *How to be Flippant Though Serious*, for it is a potpourri of sober judgments and irrelevant nonsense so compounded that the sauce, as often as not, conceals the stew. George Bernard Shaw once admonished critics to be certain of their facts and then say whatever they had to say as lightly and irreverently as possible. Mr. Nathan is usually certain of his facts—at least his theatrical facts; but unfortunately he has swallowed the Irishman's sermon whole, and in *Comedians All* he merely turns over to the public his case of indigestion. That he has the health of the American Theatre at heart no one, except the victims of the diseases he diagnoses, will deny. And if he is more concerned with lancing sores than with applying poultices he has at least, if he tips his lance with vinegar, refused to tip it with venom. In brief, Mr. Nathan has the courage of his maledictions, but he appears to have very slight confidence in the opinions underlying them. A man in a hurry, he weakens his fame by feeding it forcibly on notoriety. A man of generally sound dramatic notions, a man whom Gordon Craig is



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reported to have called "the best of all critics," he nevertheless so concerns himself with catching the popular ear that, having caught it, he has scarcely any time left for the delivery of his message.

It is this constant desire to startle and stun, to blackjack his readers into acquiescence by means of his hold-up style rather than persuade them to part with their stupidity by means of his philosophy, that not only vitiates such authority as he might otherwise wield, but frequently betrays him into the hands of sheer silliness. To damn an author with excerpts from his work is seldom fair. Comedians All is not all so comic as extracts from the work might make it seem. Two random specimens of Mr. Nathan's mania to be frolicsome at all costs to accuracy, however, are not unfairly revealed in his statements that an actress weighing one hundred and forty pounds is incapable of portraying anything but a burlesque of love, and that the Germans are an unsentimental people. Mr. Nathan is neither fat nor German. It might be well for his humor, his social philosophy, and the stage, if he were.

Dr. Henderson's book is broadly historical; Mr. Nathan's humorously local; they cannot therefore be compared, much as one might be tempted to do so. The Changing Drama was first published in 1914 and Dr. Henderson makes no effort to deck out his former opinions with the cap and bells of peace; nor, in spite of numerous prophecies to the effect that the war would alter the artist's world as completely as the artisan's, does this summary of dramatic tendencies from Molière to Maeterlinck lose its ante-bellum pertinence. Dr. Henderson pretends that he is not a Platonist. He calls beautifully false the poetic dictum that

The Best outlasts the throne—
The Coin, Tiberius.
All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;

and in so doing radically undermines a defence of such a book as his by assuming that his readers' interest in the older forms of drama is merely a speculative curiosity in the archaic. Fortunately he does not press his thesis into action, and thereby not only spares himself the difficulty of proving that Michelangelo's David, for example, is admired today merely as a relic of sixteenth century Italian art, but also delivers his readers from the dilemma of having to choose between Shakespeare and Strindberg. In fact, on page 304, speaking of modern dramatic tendencies, he says: "To the new artist, pure realism is caricature. His design is imaginative not realistic, decorative not graphic." In other words, Dr. Henderson contradicts himself; for the fundamental urge of all beauty, as he himself unconsciously demonstrates, is to lift itself always above the level of human existence, to be beautifully false to all facts. But let the contradiction stand. It may weaken his fame as

a dialectician: it cannot injure his reputation as a sober historian of the stage. The Changing Drama presents a bird's-eye panorama of three centuries of undulating dramatic geography. If it does anything else, it indirectly offers fresh proof that, except in matters of local topography, the hills of dramatic speech are changeless.

THE BOSS AND THE MACHINE. By Samuel P. Orth. Chronicles of America Series. 203 pages. Yale University Press.

This is Volume 43 of the Chronicles of America series. The author describes it in his sub-title as A Chronicle of the Politicians and Party Organization. It suffers from the disadvantages inevitable in an attempt to detach one phase of national life out of a century and a half of excessively complex growth, and sinks at times almost to an anecdotal level. Its neat covers enclose in convenient form a considerable amount of information about the rise of parties, the administration of President Grant, Tammany Hall and the lesser municipal machines, the reform movements and the civil service. But the space limits appear to have resulted in a rather haphazard choice of material and there is a painful thinness in what remains. It is hard to imagine a reader whose purposes this essay will exactly meet; if one knows his American history fairly well he will find the little that is new to him scattered among connective matter that is old, and if he does not know his American history he will be confused rather than enlightened. This however is obviously the fault of the directing editor of the series rather than of the author of this particular volume. It is to be doubted if the topical method of writing popular history can ever be very successful or present true pictures. The political life of America has never been a thing apart. It has been bound up in the economic and social history of the country, and at any given stage is unintelligible without a knowledge of economic and social conditions. The general reader will gain an infinitely clearer idea of the progress of the United States from a series of, let us say, fifteen volumes, each dealing with a decade of the country's history, than from an equal number of volumes, each of which is an attempt to skate through the whole period with an eye on one single phase. That is, it is probably better to write history for average people as nearly as possible in the way in which history presented itself to average people. And for average people the history of ten years is a history of all the events which they can remember as having happened in ten years—wars, crop failures, booms and depressions, elections, and so on. The investigator must select phases for special treatment, but he is rarely the man best fitted to write popular history.

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THE HISPANIC NATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD. By William R. Shepherd. *Chronicles of America Series*. 251 pages. Yale University Press.

The extent to which this volume fulfills the obligation—shared with the forty-nine other volumes of the *Chronicles of America Series*—of entertaining and enlightening the reader, depends upon a double consideration: is the reader capable of being amused and informed by a well-written description of the obvious outcroppings of history?

Back of the superficialities of history the author hardly attempts to go. Events are his material; and in Latin America even more than elsewhere, the obvious is likely to be the military. From a narrative so largely concerned with wars and revolutions, one gets the impression that the armies that roamed the misty regions to the south of us led a kind of autonomous existence, directed by personal ambition or imported idealism, marching not "on their stomachs" but on their heads. The very pressure of events has forced the author to allot most space and emphasis to the two phenomena most common in this field of Latin American history—revolution and intervention. Perhaps even more than international wars, these characteristic developments arise out of economic and social conditions, which in turn are profoundly affected by the physiographic and ethnographic background. An entertaining history of Latin America might well discuss the effect of the great mountain axis, dipping nearly into the sea at Panama, upon the life of the people east and west of this barrier; an enlightening history could hardly fail to assume this obligation, along with the lighter ones imposed by the relation of peonage to revolution and of foreign exploitation to intervention.

The author does not attempt a serious handling of any of these problems. On the other hand he saves the book from being actually harmful by maintaining an attitude of aloofness toward big-stick imperialism. At best a reading of the volume may turn attention to problems that Dr. Shepherd leaves not only unsolved but unstated. At worst the sugar-coated pill may be swallowed without any effect of good or evil sort.

THE CLEVELAND ERA. A Chronicle of the New Order in Politics. *Chronicles of America Series*. By Henry Jones Ford. 232 pages. Yale University Press.

The present study of the Cleveland period comes to us from almost as veteran a hand and ripe a reflection as Colonel Watterson's, who recently, in reminiscence, adverted in more discursive mood to topics and persons of the same time. The por-

trait drawn of Cleveland himself is a true one, but executed with a very cold hand. Whatever his limitations, and they were conspicuous, he awakens a sympathy and respect which are scarcely hinted at. For one thing, he never lifted his finger for the presidency. For another, he never posed as the possessor of abilities more than he had. Yet Professor Ford harps throughout on Cleveland's "low" conceptions of his office. Not pardoning him for being in no supreme sense a statesman, the author fails to perceive that he could and did make of himself the doughtiest checkmater of selfish and partisan legislation that ever vetoed a bad bill in the White House. His two terms were two long battles with Capitol Hill, in which, with his lack of perspective and his deficient perspicacity, he was frequently right even when he was not victorious. And he would defy what he conceived to be an evil move from his own party as promptly as he delivered the same treatment to the Republicans. No wonder that he rent his party and persuaded few of its opponents. His friend Gilder, the *Century* editor, observed that a "moral fury" worked in him. In that sense one may look upon him as a forerunner of Roosevelt, and as the first to break the succession of moral nonentities.

THE YEARS OF THE SHADOW. By Katharine Tynan. 343 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

A literary woman's memoirs of "her dear five hundred friends" with frequent lapses into usualness and volubility is unlikely to create a want for more of its kind among discerning readers. Seven years ago, however, just such a book won over the most cavilling critics and blinded them to its faulty loquacity by the agreeable style with which it told of a literary woman's youth in the Dublin of the so-called Celtic Renaissance. The book, the first of a series of three volumes, was called *Twenty-five Years: Reminiscences*, and dealt with the early enthusiasms of no less familiar a literary figure of our day than Miss Katharine Tynan, or, as some know her, Mrs. Hinkson. In 1916 it was followed by a second volume in the same informal and informing vein and introduced its readers into the select literary and social set of the London of Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, and the Wildes. This second volume, *The Middle Years* it was called, contained like the first a mine of interesting facts which achieved a unique unity in their relation to this loyal, high-souled Irish woman of letters, her genius for friendship with the great, and the life she lived in the Dublin and London of the last century. Comes now the third of this series of memoirs, *The Years of the Shadow*, displaying the same faults and virtues of its two predecessors. It unfolds the tale of the Hinkson family's wanderings about Ireland from their return in 1912 almost to the end of the recent war. Her period of pleasant

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ORGANIZED EFFORTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION IN THE UNITED STATES. G. A. Weber. 391 pages. Appleton.

Those who find in improved administration real progress in democracy as well as immediate gains in economy and efficiency will turn with interest to this new volume on administration. Here for the first time is presented a comprehensive survey of "organized efforts for the improvement of methods of administration in the United States." The movement is new. Three-fourths of the organizations described have been created since 1910. And they are at once the cause and the result of the growing interest in administrative development.

The book is designed as a work of reference, and to the student of specific administrative problems the brief description of the organization and activities of each of these agencies—there are more than one hundred of them—and the lists of their publications will prove invaluable. But the introductory chapter, at least, may be read with profit by those with more general interests. The author here discusses the relative merits and disadvantages of public and private agencies; and ways of financing the latter. He also considers methods of approach to the task in hand. The issues are clearly defined. One may or may not agree with his conclusion that it is better, in order to retain the confidence and cooperation of public officials, to forego public discussion of particular abuses and let reform come from within. But the value of having such questions of policy brought forward at this time, when these agencies are multiplying

so rapidly and contributing so much to administrative progress, cannot be overestimated.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM 1789 TO 1815. By Lucius Hudson Holt and Alexander Wheeler Chilton. 358 pages. Macmillan.

MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN HISTORY. By J. Salwyn Schapiro. 766 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

These two books present an interesting contrast between old and new styles of writing history. Messrs. Holt and Chilton lay particular stress upon the brilliant military campaigns which took place during the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, they give a fairly adequate summary of the political changes between 1789 and 1815, but they practically ignore the cultural and economic transformations which must be reckoned both among the causes and among the effects of the overthrow of the old regime in France. Professor Schapiro employs a fundamentally different method. He devotes much of the space ordinarily assigned to battles and diplomatic intrigues to a survey of the industrial revolution and its direct heir, the modern socialist movement. His description of English history during the nineteenth century is not a mere chronicle of the rise and fall of successive cabinets; it includes such subjects as Chartism, the Tractarian movement and the intellectual tendencies expressed in the work of various poets and novelists. Professor Schapiro gives a full and lucid exposition of the conditions in Russia under the Romanoff dynasty which finally brought on the unsuccessful popular outbreak of 1905, but he is notably less successful in his interpretation of the 1917 Revolution. His chapters on France give a clear, vigorous account of the struggle between the clerical and republican elements which went on with undiminished vehemence until it was supplanted by the graver cleavage along social lines precipitated by the War. Professor Schapiro's work is not perfect; the author may be criticized, from the standpoint of proportion, for giving too much attention to France, England, and Russia and slighting the development of Central Europe and Italy. Moreover, the last chapter, which deals with the World War, keeps disappointingly within the conventional lines of interpretation. But these are minor defects which cannot obscure the essential worth and value of the history. Steering a middle course between the compactness desired by the reader and superficiality dreaded by the historian, Professor Schapiro's book sets a model for the popular history which aims to reach a large circle of readers. The laymen with historical interests will rejoice at the publication of such a work; the historical scholar, if he is wise, will rejoice also.



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Books of the Fortnight

Modern Political Tendencies, by Theodore E. Burton (119 pages; Princeton University Press), possibly sets the Stafford Little Lectures at a higher level of open-mindedness than was reached by such earlier contributors as Grover Cleveland and Elihu Root; in fact it is marked by that tone of restrained liberalism which is coming to be a mark of our more important bank presidents, to the great amazement and confusion, no doubt, of their editorial satellites.

The Liberal Republican Movement, by Earle Dudley Ross, (267 pages; Holt), examines the attempts at insurgency in the Republican Party in the mid-President Grant period of the Gilded Age. A book with the segmentary interest and the minute documentation of the conventional doctor's thesis.

Industrial Mexico, 1919 Facts and Figures, by P. Harvey Middleton (270 pages; Dodd, Mead), is the work of a member of the Foreign Department of the Guarantee Trust Company of New York. The author finds that big business in Mexico is threatened on the one hand by lawless banditry, and on the other by legalized confiscation. He assumes that either in or out of Mexico a means of remedying this condition will be found, but he does not attempt a detailed discussion of the means that may be employed. His book partakes rather of the nature of a Chamber of Commerce report on resources rich enough to tempt any risk.

Not All the King's Horses, by George Agnew Chamberlin (310 pages; Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis), reveals the cause of the Mexican upheaval—the development, by foreign industrial enterprises, of an artisan class that could not be held in check as the peons had been; concludes that "all the king's horses" can not again set up a king in Mexico; and, finally, suggests that the United States in her righteous power might accomplish something just as satisfactory to the American settlers in the country. A woof of fiction, a warp of propaganda, and a former United States Consul General for weaver.

Ideals of America, prepared for the City Club of Chicago 1916-1919 (324 pages; McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a worthy reflection of the group which stimulated these "analyses of the guiding motives of contemporary American life by leaders in various fields of thought and action." Among the contributors are Elsie Clews Parsons, Harry Allen Overstreet, and Robert Morse Lovett.

County Administration, by Chester C. Maxey (203 pages; Macmillan), uses county organization in Delaware as the basis of a detailed and constructive criticism of American county government. The author, while suggesting minor changes for immediate improvement, does not hesitate to urge drastic measures of reorganization for the future.

Labour in the Commonwealth: A Book for the Younger Generation, by G. D. H. Cole (223 pages; Huebsch), discusses the place of industry in society, distinguishes between the Commonwealth and the State, describes the organization of the labor movement, examines the

status of the middle and the ruling classes, castigates the cowardice of reformism, elaborates the organization of freedom, and returns to the idea of a Commonwealth which shall express and enrich the associative life of the men and women who compose it.

The Builders, by Ellen Glasgow (379 pages; Doubleday, Page), has for its chief character a woman who always appears right and is always wrong, who "keeps her figure by climbing over every charity in town." For background Miss Glasgow has dragged in the war, the old South and the New, Reform, and other forces, of which it seems she understands only the externals. She skates brilliantly on thin ice over deep waters; she is a very good novelist of the third order.

The Tower of London from Within, by Major General Sir George Younghusband (323 pages; Doran), is the product of the leisure hours of an Anglo-Indian officer, now Keeper of the Regalia at the Tower. Qualified neither as an archaeologist or historian, nor brilliant as a gossip, the author tells the well-worn story of Duke William's fortress and of its many famous prisoners and supplies in addition a considerable amount of not easily accessible information about the rituals which surround the Crown Jewels, the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Knights of the Bath.

The Loeb Classical Library is published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Through an oversight the publisher's name was omitted from the notice of new titles in the series which appeared in this department in the issue of November 15.

Contributors

Mr. de Los Rios is one of the six Socialist Deputies in the Spanish Cortes, elected from Granada, where he is professor of sociology in the University. Mr. de Los Rios is editor of a page in *El Sol*, the largest newspaper in Madrid. His election to the Cortes last May was due to his exposure of the La Chicas, father and son, who were the caciques, or bosses, of Granada. The professor's speeches were followed by student riots, which the garrison tried to put down with bloodshed. The result was a popular uprising. The La Chicas took refuge in the City Hall, where they were besieged for some days, finally escaping in disguise. Though they were whitewashed in the ministerial investigation, the people of Granada responded by electing Mr. de Los Rios to Parliament on the Socialist ticket.

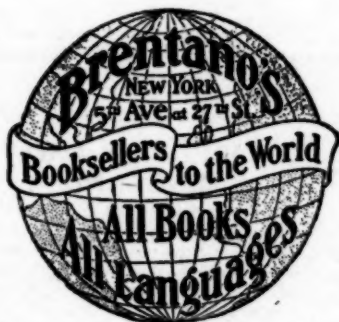
Silas Bent, at present an Assistant Sunday Editor on the New York Times, is a specialist on the Eastern question. He has recently contributed a series of articles to Asia on Opening China's Inland Empire.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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